

SWEEP AWAY BY CHOLERA.

An Appalling Number of Deaths in Spain—Cities Decimated by an Epidemic That is Spreading With Wonderful Rapidity.

London dispatch: At this time last year cholera had only taken a few scores of lives in Toulon and its suburbs, and had just made its appearance in Marseilles. There have now been 4,200 deaths reported from eight provinces of Spain, which is more than half the entire number of deaths in all of France last year. From the start the rate of mortality in Spain is far greater than it was in France, and latterly it has become greater than it was last year even in Naples. The average ratio of deaths to cases now is about four in nine throughout Spain. Roughly speaking the death ratio was two in seven in France last year and it was three in seven in Italy within the last week. Notably has this been the case in Murcia. More than half the people attacked have died and in the new provinces where the pest has appeared within the last few days the escapes have been the exception. All the features of last year's siege of Toulon and of the epidemic which is now being repeated. The fearful experience at the Aix mad house finds its parallel in the asylum outside of Madrid, where the lunatics are dying like sheep. In Murcia the peculiar susceptibility of young soldiers to cholera, which was noted in Toulon and in Campobasso last year, has been exemplified again at Toledo barracks. The deaths among sisters of charity now as then are almost wholly confined to the peasant women in the less exclusive orders like the Augustinians. The plague finds ninety-nine in a hundred of its victims in the slums of poor villages where hygiene is an unknown word.

A wine merchant who has just arrived in London from Murcia tells me that it is absolutely impossible to describe the national panic, loss of nerve and reason, and frenzy of local quarantines. Not only has this feeling of panic paralyzed the business of Spain, but it threatens to wreck more by deranging the food supply than even cholera has worked or may yet work. It is interesting here to note, in considering the theory that the spread of the disease is connected closely with water, that Murcia and Valencia are the most plentifully irrigated districts in the south of Europe. The system of supply dates from the time of Moorish occupation of Spain, and for scientific utilization the water supply there is still unrivalled in the whole world. The city of Murcia is not so desolate an asylum as it formerly was, since the great flood destroyed the lower part of the town. It was rebuilt with more regard to sanitation, but the people are distinctly of the lowest type, mentally and physically, in Spain. But here, as at Valencia, the city is surrounded by a perfect network of crowded hamlets, constituting one vast tropical garden, irrigated by a system which permits not one drop of water to reach the sea. The system is most marvelous on an engineering point of view, but is simply murderous now when the summer's sun makes every trench a focus of plague and of death. Refugees from the cities were quick to spread the disease through these villages. Now more slowly but none the less surely they are disseminating it through the peninsula. When we consider the local mortality at Murcia, it is frightful to contemplate what the total for Spain may be and almost surely will be during the four or five months to come to say nothing of the probability—nay, almost the certainty of a speedy outbreak of the plague in other southern lands.

THE PROSPERITY OF PERU.

Report of the Committee Appointed by the President to Visit South America.

The commission appointed by the president to visit South American countries in the interest of the commerce of the United States, has reported under date of April 25th, to the department of state, the result of its observations while at Lima, Peru. In a communication to the secretary of state, accompanying the report, the commission says: "The political situation in Peru is not such as to make a mission, like that upon which we have the honor to come either satisfactory or conclusive. But as we are gratified to be able to report a cordial reception by the provisional government and from the people, notwithstanding the fact that they feel somewhat aggrieved at the failure of the United States to exercise the good offices for their benefit during the recent war with Chile. This delicate subject was not to be officially during our visit, but in private conversations complications of three and four years ago were spoken of in such a manner as to leave the impression that our government in their opinion did Peru more injury than good. However, there is still a most friendly sentiment which has been stimulated by the attitude of Minister Phelps, and desire to secure intimate international commercial relations between the two countries. The people privately talk of annexation to the United States. The newspapers openly advocate protection for Peru by our government as the best mode of securing internal peace, and there have been many other suggestions made in the same spirit. Commerce with this country has dwindled down to almost nothing in comparison with its former magnitude. This is accounted for by enormous decrease in the purchasing power of Peru and by the fact that the steamship company which has the monopoly on the west coast of South America uses its influence and regulates its freight tariffs so as to direct trade to England. It is the opinion of every merchant in Peru and of members of the government that these conditions cannot be changed until there is direct communication by steam between the ports of this country and those of the United States. It is said to be cheaper to ship goods from New York by way of Liverpool and Hamburg around the Horn to Callao than by way of the Isthmus, while a passenger pays \$375 in American gold for transportation from New York to Valparaiso. We were formally presented to the president April 20th. Mr. Commissioner Thatcher presented General Iglesias with an autograph letter of the president of the United States and delivered an address, to which the president replied. At the conclusion of the ceremonies we were invited to be present at a private reception room, where we were presented to members of the cabinet and attendants.

Wearing the Stripes.

James D. Fish, of the Marine bank, was on the 30th put through the regular course in the Auburn (N. Y.) prison. Lusty attendants bathed him, cropped what hair he had, shaved off his beard and put him into the regulation stripes. He was then put into a regular cell, where he is locked all day, being one of the several hundred men now in prison for whom there is nothing to do. As entered on the prison register, he is "No. 19,654—James D. Fish, offense, misappropriating funds of a national bank; occupation, president of the Marine National bank; age, 65; weight, 165 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches; received June 25, 1885.

A JOKE and a boil are much alike in one respect. We all think they are very funny things—when they are on somebody else.

COLEMAN'S AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS.

A Gathering that Promises to Call Together Many Eminent Agriculturists.

Washington dispatch: Commissioner Colman's convention of representatives from agricultural colleges and kindred institutions early in July promises to be a notable gathering. The commissioner, in opening the proceedings, will take occasion to elaborate his views about agricultural education. He takes the ground that closer relations between the department and those institutions can be mutually beneficial. It is his hope to be able to enlist them in the experimental work, sending to them new seeds and plants and receiving from them reports on the result of these trials, which may be made public through an annual volume from the department. These agricultural schools have and attached, and such an arrangement as the commissioner hopes to make would give all the advantages of experimental farms in the various sections of the country with varying soils and climate. Mr. Colman expects to enlarge greatly the scope of this experimental work. He will try to enlist the diplomatic representatives of this government, through the state department, in the work of collecting new varieties of seeds and plants in all countries, to be sent home for trial. He thinks there is a great mission for the department in showing the farmers of the United States new crops which can be raised with a profit. He believes that many things now imported can be raised successfully. He will even go into the realm of medicinal plants and see if herbs and barks which are now imported at great cost cannot be produced in this country. In these projects he desires the co-operation of the colleges and societies, and he believes he can show the agricultural professors how they can make their institutions much more popular than they are now by embarking in this work with him. Prof. Dodge, the department statistician, will read a paper on applied science as a factor of rural prosperity. Prof. Chas. E. Thorn, of Springfield, O., will present his views upon the preparation of experimental reports for popular use. Prof. F. G. Adams will read an address on the importance of teaching agriculture in the common schools. Prof. E. Wicks, the new president of the Michigan agriculture college, will discuss industrial education. Dr. Salmon, of the bureau of animal industry, and Prof. Sanders, of the department, will present papers. These are some of the features of the programme not fully arranged.

WAITING FOR THE SUMMONS.

Gen. Grant Not Concerned as His End Approaches Near at Hand.

Mount McGregor dispatch of the 30th: Dr. Douglas said this morning that Gen. Grant was visibly growing weaker and that if he had remained in New York city he could not now be removed to his present resort. The weakness of the patient is now evident in the lack of ability and desire to walk upon the piazza as he did ten days ago. The doctor acknowledges that the end of the general's life appears to be approaching, but the question when it may occur no one can foretell.

The general seemed anxious that his physician should not construe his quietude as an evidence of suffering or discomfort, and in the afternoon wrote upon his pad telling Dr. Douglas he had no pain and was feeling as well as on Sunday. The prolonged quiet, however, did not assure all his friends, and it having become evident to him that such was the case, he wrote upon his pad during the afternoon these words: "Do as I do. I take it quietly. I give myself not the least concern. If I knew that the end was to be to-morrow, I would try and get rest in the meantime. As long as there is no progress there's hope."

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Miscellaneous Matters of Interest at the National Capital.

SENATOR VEST has the naming of the Kansas City postmaster, but thus far he has not put in the name of his applicant. Charges of offensive partisanship have been prepared in due form against the incumbent, Mr. Case, who has held the office for a dozen years. The principal specification is that he went to the polls in the Second ward last November and coerced two democratic carriers into voting for Maj. Warner, the republican nominee for congress. This charge is supported by several affidavits.

The fiscal year ended June 30, and, according to the receipts from internal revenue, customs, and miscellaneous sources, the falling off in the estimates for the year was about \$10,000,000—\$2,000,000 in the internal revenue \$4,000,000 in customs and \$4,000,000 in the miscellaneous. The expenditures have been greater for pensions and deficiencies than was anticipated, so that the surplus for the fiscal year will probably be between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 less than was calculated by Secretary McCullough in his report to congress last year, leaving the surplus at about \$20,000,000 instead of \$39,000,000.

MRS. DUDLEY ACQUITTED.

Insanity the Ground of the Verdict.

New York dispatch: The court room where Mrs. Dudley is being tried for her assault upon Rossa was crowded to suffocation. Counsel for defense claimed that the prisoner committed the assault from no personal motives, but for love of her country. He also claimed that Mrs. Dudley is not a responsible person. Several witnesses were examined, among whom were two experts and testified to the unsound condition of the prisoner's mind. Mrs. Dudley here interrupted the proceedings by stating that "whether or not I was irrational when I am sane now and wish to testify." It was finally agreed to call her to the witness stand. Mrs. Dudley made a short statement to the jury in which she said she was accused in shooting Rossa solely by his threats to commit wholesale murder of innocent women and children. She assured the jury that she was not sane when she performed the deed. The jury acquitted her after being out five minutes on the grounds of insanity.

STORM IN DAKOTA.

Loss of Life and Damage to Property.

A dispatch from Frankfort, Dakota, of the 27th ult. says: This part of Dakota was visited by a terrific wind and rain storm. It was very severe in part of the James River valley and especially in the central part of Spink county. The wind blew a terrific gale for forty-five minutes, accompanied by rain, thunder and lightning. The Catholic church in this place was blown down, two stores stripped of their roofs, and sheds and small buildings turned over. In the surrounding country many barns and stables were blown down or unroofed, and two dwelling houses demolished four miles south of Frankfort. In one of these all of the occupants escaped to the adjoining building for protection, but in the house of John Blain occupied by Mr. Hartney, the family were caught in the ruin. Mr. Hartney's father was killed outright and Mr. Hartney injured severely on the skull and across the chest. His wife was dangerously injured. Hartney's daughter had her arm broken and another child was badly hurt. The German Methodist church, the number of 200 were holding a camp meeting in Fisher's Grove, on the James River, near Frankfort, having nothing but light sheeting for tents. Their tents were blown to pieces in short order and they were left to face the fury of the storm. The loss in Spink county will aggregate \$10,000 to \$17,000 and is partly covered by tornado insurance. No hail fell except on a few farms northwest of here, and the fine crops are unharmed.

The Murderers of Filippo Caruso in Chicago Must Hang.

After a trial which lasted eight days Filippo Caruso's murderers have been awarded death penalty. The jury decided that Azari, Gelaldi and Silverstri were the perpetrators of the crime, while Bave and Mercurio, their alleged conspirators, were pronounced not guilty. The jury found no difficulty in arriving at a verdict, which they returned. Bave and Mercurio having been informed of their probable acquittal awaited the return of the jurors with smiling faces, the others seemed for the most part to have the same attitude and indulged in the same remarks. About one hundred and fifty persons, mostly Italians, had remained in court to hear the verdict. Immediately upon the verdict being read, Bave and Mercurio, at a signal from the counsel, took seats to one side. An interpreter then translated the verdict to the convicted men. They heard the words of sentence in their own tongue without the movement of a muscle and without a word being uttered back to their cells with stolid faces apparently unmoved. Indictments against Bave and Mercurio were not pressed and the judge ordered them discharged. The trial of the other two defendants was continued owing to the horrible details of the crime and the manner in which the murderers were discovered. It will be remembered that the body of the murdered man was placed in a trunk and shipped to Pittsburg. The murder was committed for money.

The Bloodthirsty Apaches.

Tombstone (Arizona) dispatch: A. A. Hunske, a miner, brought news from Frontiers of an engagement between Indians and whites last Thursday, thirty miles southeast of Frontiers, in which it is reported that thirty-six Indians and sixteen Americans were killed and several wounded. Yesterday further information was received through Thomas Crocker from San Bernardino ranch, a mile or more on the trail from Fort Bowie to Somers. He reports an engagement between the entire force under Lieutenant Daves and the Apaches. Sixteen Indians were killed and from fifteen to twenty taken prisoners. The loss of the whites is not stated.

An Amusing Incident.

The conservative and courteous Bishop of some two-thirds of the commonwealth of the Keystone State gives a humorous incident that actually occurred during one of his visitations at one of the principal towns not a hundred miles from Harrisburg.

Good Judge L. is not only an earnest churchman but very fond of showing his neighbors the way to church also. At a special service he was sure to have a couple more of his legal friends in his company with him, being very attentive himself both to the service and to his friends, showing them the places in the prayer book, and trying to keep them contented.

At a recent visitation of Bishop H. the Judge was seen passing the books, and at every change in the service handing over other books, and then devoutly continuing his own duties. It was Sunday morning, and by the time the solemn litany was reached the visitors, having no special interest in the affair beyond pleasing the judge, and consenting to listen to a good square sermon which he had promised them, whenever in the sacred programme it should be presented, began to tire of the "performance," and, with a freedom more becoming the court room or street than the sanctuary, one of them, finding it impossible to keep up the connection of things, blurted out in a good stage whisper, "Judge, this beats the devil!"

"That is the intention—'Good Lord, deliver us,'" replied the Judge, in pretty positive tones, and in a sort of monotone that came near to a seeming addition to the church's liturgy not in the book.—Harper's Magazine.

An Impertinent Mimic.

Young ladies who expect attentions from young men should not keep a too-well-educated parrot. A family in Nashville has a parrot noted for its wonderful powers of imitating the human voice. The family also has a daughter whose especial duty is the care of the parrot.

The young lady has a friend, a young man, who called at the house one evening and pulled the door bell. The parrot, sitting in an up-stairs window, heard the jingle of a bell and called out: "Go to the window!" The young man was startled.

He looked at the windows below and found them closed. He pulled the bell knob again.

"Next door!" shouted the parrot, in a voice not unlike the young lady's.

The young man looked up and down the street in a puzzled sort of a way, as if he had suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a mistake in the house. Concluding that he had not, he again rang the bell.

"Go to the house!" cried Poll from his perch in the upper window.

"What house?" exclaimed the young man, angrily.

"The workhouse!" shrieked the parrot. The young man concluded to leave for his boarding house.—Youth's Companion.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

Feeding an Army.

For many years prior to the Mexican war, writes a New York correspondent to the Albany Journal, a purchasing commissary for the United States army was stationed at New York city. The extent of the depot and the amount of supplies there obtained were very limited for some time in consequence of the small size of the army. It was not until the commencement of the rebellion in 1861 that the labors of this depot reached increased magnitude and great proportions. With over a million of men in the field to be subsisted, a very great quantity of the articles of the ration—meats, flour, hard bread, sugar, coffee, teas, salt, etc.—necessary for many of them, were obtained in this city. Not unusually cargo after cargo of coffee was purchased for the troops. At several times during the war special purchases of this article were obtained abroad, as it could be so procured more economically for the army. Under the management of the then colonel, afterward Brig. Gen. A. B. Eaton, commissary general of subsistence, United States army, the purchases were very extensive. Col. Eaton had a corps of experts, well trained,—some of the best merchants in the city,—as inspectors and adjustors, and secured for the government the best articles which could be purchased at the lowest prices. A rigid fulfillment of all contracts was exacted and made under the safeguards his experienced foresight had placed around him.

To the purchase of the soldiers' rations, some years since, was added the procurement of over one hundred articles for his comfort and convenience and that of the officers of the army and their families at military post, all disposed of to them at first cost. There are few posts in the army, in any locality, that will not show some supplies procured by the subsistence officer in New York city, and some of them many of the important articles which those stationed there receive. Under a recent act of congress, all supplies must be advertised for, except in a very extreme emergency cases. This opened competition to all, and upon the purchasing officers is imposed the duty of selecting from the numerous bidders and their samples the articles at the lowest price—quality and condition considered. An extensive knowledge of all such articles should be possessed by officers of the subsistence department, and many have from long experience and association with the soldier—knowing his wants—close observation and study, qualified themselves for these trying and responsible positions. Some have a specialty of certain articles, and are well and thoroughly skilled therein.

Upon the receipt of the order for supplies, public proposals are sent out, if the stock held on hand by the depot officer will not permit the order to be filled from it. Such quantities are accepted as are required, after a thorough comparison with the sample submitted. These articles are transferred to the quartermaster's department for transportation to the posts desiring them. All bids are required to be carefully abstracted, and even the envelopes in which they are received sent with them to the subsistence bureau in Washington, D. C., for examination and supervision. No act of the most unimportant character can be done without a thorough knowledge of it by the revising authorities. At the end of each month every article purchased, its mode of procurement, its price, quantity obtained, name of seller and amount is reported to the Washington authorities. A monthly report is also made of every cent received, paid out, and every pound or pint purchased or on hand must be satisfactorily accounted for by complete and explicit vouchers, setting forth also the authority for purchases when made. Whilst the labor of purchasing, inspecting, and shipping army supplies is complete and accurate, there is no less completeness in the careful and unyielding exactions of accountability which the government requires by reports and returns of its army agents.

The large, varied, and unlimited market in this city is for the purchase of subsistence supplies not only the very best but the most important in the country. The subsistence department has always tried to select for its purchasing officer here one of its most experienced members, whose main object is advancing, protecting, and securing the public interest. There has never been a defalcation at this depot since its establishment, nor have the duties required to be performed here failed to meet all demands.

How We Judge a Novel.

Nearly all the stories printed to-day have in them an attempt at something beyond the mere telling of a tale with trappings of scenery and puppets to bear out the illusion. But we do not examine this scenery to know if it is real, or stick pins in these puppets to learn if they are merely stuffed dolls to play upon our fancy. In this we do ourselves an injustice, both losing the fine flavor of a good novel and failing to penetrate the tinsel and stage effects of a poor one, in much the same way as a befuddled drinker swallows Ve. Clignot and champagne cider with the same approval. Then, too, in order to catch a page or two of "conversation" or "action" that is valued only as it carries forward the plot, we are prone to run hastily over descriptive writing that paints a vivid bit of landscape with cameo fidelity and beauty. Or a chapter filled with life and color is voted dreary and slow because only indirectly it aids in tangling the threads of the romance. It is the amount of "thrill" in the concluding chapters and the agreement in doctrine and sentiment of the writer with the reader's personal beliefs and tastes that settles the novel as good, bad or indifferent.—The Current.

In an essay on the "Poor Man," Burdette makes the following Shakespearean remark: "The father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike."

Ferd. Ward is not yet the ward of New York state, nor likely to see the wards of King Sing for some time.

HATCHING OUT SHAD.

Capt. Peetmeier, of the Fish-Hawk, Preparing for Next Season's Fishery.

"We are here in the interests of the United States fishing commission," said Capt. Peetmeier, of the United States gunboat Fish-Hawk, now lying at anchor off Gloucester. "We are hatching shad eggs. The process is a simple one. Come this way and I will show you."

He led the way to the fore part of the gun deck, which was cleared of all implements of war for the reception of some of the most scientific machinery of peace. In the center of the deck stood a large copper tank, containing water constantly changing from the river, but capable of being stopped when at sea. On one side of this tank stood twelve zinc cones, about three feet in height, with the conical ends downward. A multiplicity of pipes, tubes, valves, and stopcocks showed that the cones were in connection.

"This is where we do the hatching," said Capt. Peetmeier. "These cones are supplied with water from below by tubes from the tank. The supply is regulated by a stop-cock at the top and the surplus water escapes through the top of each of the conical tanks. Thus we have running water all the time. If we are in a river we allow the surplus to go overboard, but when at sea, it being impossible to get the fresh water necessary for hatching the eggs, we allow the water to run back into the main tank, and so it keeps on running over and over again. When the seine up is drawn we take the female fish with roes and force them to discharge the ova by squeezing them. Then we take the males and by the same process of squeezing force them to impregnate the ova. The mass is then counted, or rather measured, and put into one of these cones and the water allowed to run."

"How do you count the eggs; for I see you have 160,000 eggs in this cone."

"It is done by measure; so many eggs to an ounce,—a fluid ounce, I mean; say 10,000. Well, there are thirty-two fluid ounces to a quart, therefore there must be within one or two of 320,000 eggs. We use an ordinary graduated glass druggist quart measure. It takes from one to three days for the eggs to hatch. Then we keep the young fish two or three days more and then consign them to their native element. To put them in the river requires considerable care. We gather them into a bucket then lower the bucket into the water and allow the little fellows to swim out. Now let me show you some of the eggs." He took a piece of glass-tube and pushed it into one of the conical tanks and, bringing it out, closed each end with a finger. It was full of small transparent globular substances, all moving about in the tube and somewhat difficult to see at first.

"If you look carefully at them you will see young fish inside. Most of them are nearly ready to come out. There are also some of the young fish in this tube. Do you see that tiny globe hanging to each of them? That is the umbilical sac. The young fish feeds upon that up to a certain age and finally absorbs it altogether. You may see the same thing attached to the fish still in the eggs. Do you notice how the eyes of the young fish are sparkling. That is because they are sick. They have no air in this tube."

"Do they feel the want of it so soon as that?"

"O yes. There, I will put them back in their cone; perhaps they may recover. The eggs you observe, all remain at the bottom of the tanks, unless I turn the water hard. That sends them to the top but it is not good for them, for it hatches them too quickly. Since we have been on the river, some weeks now, we hatched several millions of eggs, which would have been lost. Of course a vast number are hatched by the process of nature in the river. But these that we have produced artificially will go a long way toward stocking the fishery, and would have been cooked and eaten or otherwise destroyed if we had not stepped in and saved them. We have other tanks for hatching the eggs—smaller glass ones—but they are only used when we are very busy. We keep the water running through them by an arrangement of siphons, all leading to a large aquarium. I don't know how long we will remain here, but I suppose as long as we can obtain ova to work upon."—Philadelphia Times.

Exempt from Taxation.

There is in New York City \$265,694,060 worth of real estate exempt taxation. Of this \$178,894,060 is city property, \$12,640,000 is United States property, \$40,211,500 is church property, and \$33,948,500 comes under the head of miscellaneous, belonging to schools, libraries, and charities. At 2 per cent—and the tax rate in New York City is usually higher than that of the exempt church and miscellaneous property—would pay nearly \$1,500,000 a year toward the expenses of government. As it does not pay it, others must, and in this way secular realty is made to pay, by force, \$1,500,000 a year for the support of churches, etc. This is pushing the exemption doctrine pretty far. The same rule prevails, in proportionate measure, throughout the country. And that it does prevail, and with little or no protest, is a striking proof of the tolerant and kindly feeling of the American public toward religious and educational enterprises of all sorts.

We, Us & Co.

It is always best to be careful and precise in given directions to servants. Col. Yerger told his colored servant Sam:—"Go and get us a couple of tickets for the performance to-night."

Sam came back and only brought one ticket.

"Where is the other ticket?"

"I has done disposed ob hit."

"What do you mean?"

"Boss, you told me, 'go and get us two tickets.' Dar's your ticket, and I done guv my ticket to a cullud lady I met on de street. She will be dar, Boss. You bet she will be dar. Dar's no danger ob de ticket bein' los' or wasted."—Texas Siftings.

He Hedged.

Betting is certainly a bad practice, and whether disastrous directly or indirectly, it is sure to play smash with the better and bettee before the wind-up.

Years ago, when the railroads had not reached the northwest and all travel and commerce came up the Mississippi from St. Louis to St. Paul and other northwestern cities, the opening of navigation in the spring was a great day. When a large city stood almost idle all winter, living on the profits of the previous summer, the date when she would resume business in the spring was of great importance to her.

Therefore with much anxiety every one looked forward to the time when the ice would go out of Lake Pepin and revive the dormant business. Along in January and February everybody got to betting on the day when the first boat would get up to St. Paul or some other northern point.

At Hudson, of course, it was the same, though we had to take some chances on the opening of Lake St. Croix, on whose banks Hudson stands.

One winter, Coon and Platte got to betting on various things to kill time, and finally wound up with a bet on the arrival of the first boat at Hudson. They were partners in a large grain elevator on the lake, and Platte wanted to bet a pair of \$14 boots that the first boat wouldn't arrive before the 20th of April. Coon took the bet and time passed on.

On the 19th of April no boat had arrived and Platte began to feel sure of his boots. There were no telegraphs then, and so there was no way to get at the river news till late, everything in the way of news coming slowly up through the Big Woods by stage.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Platte went up in the cupola of the warehouse with a spyglass, ostensibly to look over some fine wheat, but really to see what he could see down the lake. About sunset he saw a little steamer slowly round the point at Catfish bar, four or five miles below, and, sticking the spyglass into a dark corner, he went down and hunted up Coon, who was on the street up town. He then, by easy stages, drew him in to a conversation on the subject of the opening of spring navigation.

"Tell you what I'll do. Coon, you've got about four or five hours left yet, and if no boat comes in before the time's up, the \$14 boots are mine."

"Looks that way, of course," said Coon, "but there's still a chance left."

"Yes, there's a chance, but an infernally slim chance. What will you take for your bet, Coon?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably I've got one chance in three. I'll take \$5 for my bet."

"Enough said. Here's your \$5. There's a boat down at Catfish Bar that'll be here in less than an hour."

There was a crowd standing around, and of course everybody yelled and two-thirds of the town put on its hat and rushed down to the levee to see the first boat come in. Hour after hour passed by and the crowd swelled to a large mass meeting, all anxious to see the first boat of the season. After a while her lights could be dimly seen around the point, moving very slowly against an icy current. The crowd watched her as she struggled bravely up, and then backed off again, dodged a big cake of ice and headed toward the channel again. It was a trying time for those who stood there and watched, most every one having a large or small bet on the result. All kinds of jokes and jeers were swapped as the crowd stood there in the chilly April night till nearly eleven o'clock. Just before that hour the steamer staggered back and steadily lost ground, till finally she slowly reversed her engines; then, when she could get room, she silently turned about and went back down the lake to Prescott, and did not get up to Hudson for three days.

So Platte lost his \$14 pair of boots and \$5 in cash, to say nothing of the large sum that it cost him to keep the town quiet enough so that he could live in it.

I hope that all young men who read this, and who may, at times, be tempted to bet their money upon anything, will call to mind this sad accident and firmly refuse to do so.

Who hath won? Who hath sorrowed? Who hath redness of eyes? Who weareth his old last winter clothes all summer? He that looketh upon the straight flush when it moveth itself aright. He that goeth to seek the jack pot. He that pock him up and skin him. Behold, he himself shall be skun.—Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.

The Giants of Patagonia.

The Patagonian, in the upper part of his body, is of a huge build. His trunk and head are large, his chest broad, his arms long and muscular. On horseback, he seems far above the ordinary size of man. When he dismounts, however, it is seen that his legs are disproportionately short and slender; they frequently bend outward. His walk is heavy and lumbering. These are the well-known peculiarities which are found in the Tartars, and in all races of men who spend most of their time, like the Patagonians, on horseback. But it is only a little over two centuries since the horse was introduced into this region. The natives who were first seen chased the swift guanaco and ostrich over their immense plains on foot. Such activity required long, straight and muscular legs. It is not too much to suppose that the total change in their habits of life, which has occurred since they became a nation of horsemen, has detracted at least two inches from their stature. Adding these lost inches to their present height, we recover the giants who astonished the companions of Magellan, and vindicate the narratives which later writers have discredited.—Science.

A wild Texas steer crushed a New York man against a stone wall the other day. The man said between gasps that he never understood the working of a Ballock press before.

Twenty-six million persons have crossed Brooklyn bridge since it was opened and one jumped over.